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sunset and campagna, but there comes along with this a constant feeling of exasperation. It is irritating, the unreality of the life of the characters and the morbidity which English writers who touch ethics and religion in fiction seem unable to avoid. "O for a man who has worked for his living!" one feels like crying; "and for a woman who has nursed her own child!"

G. C. E.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD YEA-AND-NAY. By Maurice Hewlett.  
New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

The story of Richard Cœur de Lion has been often told before, but here we have a fresh conception and a bold character portrayal by a sympathetic student of the setting of the Middle Age and a master of romantic style. In this historical romance Mr. Hewlett reproduces the psychological atmosphere of another Forest Tale. Not that there are wanderings through mystic green depths of oak forests, with adventures to lords and ladies, as in "The Forest Lovers;" but the same atmosphere is present, bringing out its subtle and highly colored romantic effects. So vivid are these impressions that one must think of Robin Hood and Maid Marian and Sherwood, and feel again the charm of Cœur de Lion, as all first seemed in the dream-days of youth. Mr. Hewlett's symbolism in trying to define Richard's dog-and-cat nature is not made very clear either in his characterization or in the history of Richard himself; but any symbolism would be at once destroyed if made clear, for it is something to be felt, and not demonstrated. That, however, which is not oversubtle-ized—viz., Richard as man, king, crusader—makes the blood tingle. The three women who love him contrast remarkably. The tragic minor strain of Alois, the thin staccato of Berengère, and the noble symphony of Jehane give the book its strength. Richard is hard to comprehend in his relations with Berengère and Jehane, and no doubt the author intends it so, and Jehane in her attitude would almost seem not only illogical, but impossible when subjected to analysis. But in this realm of romance to which Mr. Hewlett conducts the reader the illogical—at least of women—and the impossible

seem of right, and the story makes fascinating reading. History is followed closely enough, if one pardons the severity toward Henry II., the invention of Jehane (but this means the heart and soul of the book), and the adroit turning aside of fact to purposes of fiction in the manner of Richard's death. In the delicacy and brilliance of style those who know Mr. Hewlett's previous work will here not be disappointed.

THE HOSTS OF THE LORD. By Flora Annie Steel. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1900. \$1.50.

Mrs. Steel gives another story of India, and so insures interest for her book, for we all like what we are ignorant of, and as to India Mrs. Steel and, in a very different way, Mr. Kipling have been our teachers. A certain obscurity for the reader springs indeed from the author's entire familiarity with the places and persons she describes, and the book is in danger of being read without one's being quite sure what is the definite position of certain characters or even their *raison d'être*. While we cannot grant the truth to life of the leading characters or approve of the sensual abandon of the woman in one of the love affairs described, much of the strength of the book lies in the contrast the two pairs of lovers and their loves present. The patient waiting of the pilgrims for the rising of the waters in the "Pool of Immortality," the mutiny of the troops and the stolid bravery of the three Englishmen struggling and waiting alone with the woman and child at the gaol, Father Ninian's clever yet nobly touching way of dispersing the pilgrims to the "Cradle of the Gods," are strong scenes. The local color comes out vividly in many others—in the water life of Gu-Gu and Am-ma, particularly in the former's losing Carlyon in the submarine passage and in the latter's bringing the mission maiden down the stream from the upcountry to warn her lover of the impending uprising, in the sand storm, in the superstitions of the nations, and in the mingling of races. The author, besides knowing her India, knows and loves too the old folks at home, as witness the frequent allusions to well-known characters in fiction and fable—something that nearly